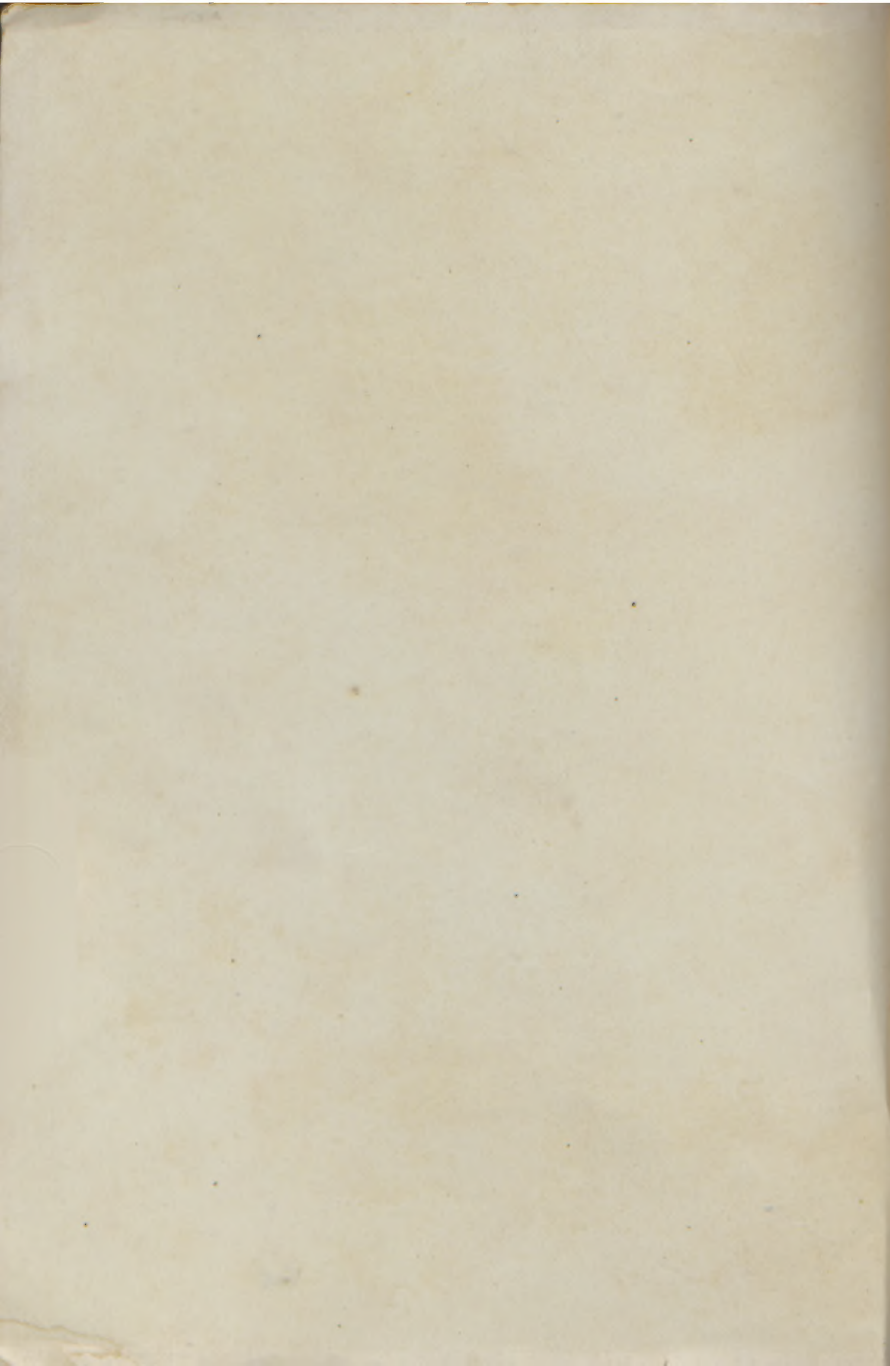


ELMWOOD FARM, HOME OF L. H. PILLSBURY, DERRY, N. H.



SELECTED POEMS



FROM THE PEN OF
L. H. PILLSBURY, DERRY, N. H.

* * *

To my wife and our children, whose numbers are ten,
And their children, of whom one counts among men;
To cousins and nephews and nieces so dear,
These fragments of verses I dedicate here.

* * *

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

Lines read by Capt. L. H. Pillsbury, at the annual reunion of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers at The Weirs, marking fifty years since the Boys in Blue were mustered into service.

The memories of life are dear,
Growing more sacred every year;
But whether joy inspires our heart
Depends on how we did our part.
You well recall the fifty years
When the 9th New Hampshire volunteers
With waving flags and shouting all
Went forth at Lincoln's urgent call.

The year was 1862,
Our uniforms and rifles new,
Our flags the red and white and blue;
Freedom for all, our watchword true.
Many who left their homes that day
To meet that monster "Slavery,"
And staked their lives for Freedom's gain,
Lost life indeed, but not in vain.

They cheered with courage that maintains
The slave shall no more clank his chains,
For Justice rules in Heaven above,
Compelling hate to yield to love.

The struggle came 'mid roar and flame,
And Freedom won that crimson game;
Antietam and full many a stream
Saw lightnings flash and bayonets gleam.

Until the Union Flag at last
Waved o'er the land when war had passed,
And now these few who have survived,
And in this glorious place arrived,
Can join in celebrating here
That joy that comes when Peace is near,
And join in thanks that here we may
Rejoice one wrong has passed away.

We're proud our state has done its part
When darkness clouded every heart.
The youth who kissed his bride good-bye,
Who saw the tear in mother's eye,
As he marched with the thousand men
Who filled our regiment just then,
Needs not our pity nor our cheers
As we look back o'er fifty years.

With Colonel Fellows' magic voice,
Making the Boys in Blue rejoice,
And Colonel Titus, calm and true
As man or angel ever knew,
And Major Everett, always free
To shout his love of liberty,
And file in Heaven this noble plea,
"For hate give love and liberty."

And then Pit. Moses, witty and wise,
Whose shrewdness often caused surprise,
Who left large business and some wealth,
And southward went, but not for health;
He ruled the teams that brought supplies,
And wonders wrought before our eyes,
Even the half-starved mules rejoice
Hearing the Quartermaster's voice.

Our Chaplain, too, who joined us there
With Bible and his Book of Prayer,
The only one of field and staff,
Who now survives with us to laugh
Or weep o'er comrades sleeping there,
Where streams were red and fields were bare;
The names of Copp and Hough and mine
Are sole survivors of the line.

But there are other names that fill
Our hearts with patriotic thrill;
Our comrade Burpee, brave and bland
O'er this assembly waves his hand,
And puts us all in pleasant mood,
With all our wishes understood;
With Clark, our scribe, gallant and bright,
Who what we speak will truly write.

Time will not permit to name
The hundred boys unknown to fame,
And yet who nobly faced the foe
And won out fifty years ago.

There'll be a roll call by and by,
When all are summoned to the sky,
And not a name omitted, say,
Of the brave boys who marched away.

We may not know more than their names,
And the dark sad home from whence they came,
The schools they left and other joys
That they might join our gallant boys,
And stand for liberty and right,
'Mid flames of Hell and shades of night,
'Till Liberty, purchased so dear,
Sits by that Flag that's waving here.

We meet to talk these matters o'er,
As half a century we score;
We make no boast nor speak with pride,
But all our joy we can not hide,
And we can raise our hands to Heaven,
For thence our priceless boon is given
And thank the Power that rules away
That we can meet our friends today.

One lesson we have learned full well,
And to our children we shall tell
That if a man or nation sin,
And wrongfully shall try to win,
A penalty will sweep that land
With wrathful power on every hand,
But only those who stand for right
Can celebrate the ended fight.

And now, my comrades, as with cheers
We celebrate those fifty years,
Proud of the ends God wrought through you,
Thankful that He brought you safely through,
Giving "glad hands" to comrades dear,
Who marched in '62 from here,
We'll shed a tear for that brave band
Who've passed on to the better land.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

The God in heaven who loves our earth and formed it
with His hand
Gave promises in ancient times that through the ages
stand
That He would send His blessed Son to bring good
will to earth
That Wars might cease and Joys increase after His
humble birth.

On Bethlehem's plains one glorious night the Angels
met with joy
And with delight proclaimed that night the birth of
Mary's boy.
They sang of Peace, Good Will to men that Christ
would surely bring—
How glad the earth to note His birth that not a heart
might wring.

For selfishness must hide its head when Jesus' love is
seen.
And love—His love should fill all hearts, with nought
to come between.
The world will surely grasp this chance, an avenue to
bliss,
And blot the ancient history out and flood the world
with this.

The Angels took the promise up and raised their voices
high.

Surely the sons of blood-stained earth will to this refuge
fly

And down the ages send the song of world-embracing
peace,

Calling to kings and warlike chiefs their bloody work
to cease.

Ah! No, the tribute Angels paid to promises so sweet
Reached only wise men of the time whose hearts with
pity beat.

The world has in the ages passed both hated, robbed
and slain;

And brother's blood and woman's tears have drenched
each lovely plain.

And even those who speak His name who for our aid
was sent,

Lost in the busy strife of life the spirit that He lent.

And after 1900 years, the Nations Christian named,
Spend half their wit and half their wealth with avarice
inflamed,

Building their arks of solid steel with belching guns
from deck to keel.

They train their sons with art to kill, they fortify the
coast

And always see an enemy—each foreigner a ghost,

Denying Christ who loved our world and told us of His
love.

They claim His name but hate the same and never
look above.

There'll come a time, it's nearer now than when on
Christmas night
The Wise men stood at Bethlehem and angels took
their flight,
When men shall love each other more than they love
power or gain,
And not a race but shall proclaim that "Peace on
earth" again.

Already congresses and courts, in place of battleships
and forts,
Are touching heaven's immortal lyres, with an angel's
love and fire.
The friends of Peace and friends of men, are striking
Christmas chords again,
And what those shepherds failed to gain His followers
may yet attain.

DEEDS vs CREEDS

Our Forebears thought a solemn creed
Was all the human heart could need.
They wrote it out with boldest plan
And held it up before each man.
They said, "Sign this and swear it, too,
Or bid your friends a last adieu."
'Twas what a man believed or thought,
And never what his hands had wrought.

But now we have advanced a bit
In understanding Sacred Writ,
We know the heart and head must be
With heavenly things in sympathy.
But we have learned that with the HAND
We must obey the Lord's command,
And if we act the Christian part,
The hand must go with Head and Heart.

A Creed is what you think you know;
Your neighbor may not see it so;
How strange that some whose creeds are right
Shall vex the neighbor with their spite!
They think the head and heart are all
That answer God's most urgent call.
The hand must be outstretched in love
To bear a message from above.

The man who follows Jesus' life
Will have no hatred and no strife;
The hand that gives a loaf of bread
Or for a sufferer finds a bed,
Will conquer error in a creed
Sooner than any hostile deed.
The "Golden Rule" by Jesus given
Leads us the shortest way to Heaven.

TO THE DERRY ENDEAVORERS

The world in which we live and toil seems sadly out of
gear.

The Adam family began with tricks most awful queer.
Even Mother Eve was not so good as many women
now,

And fooled her only husband with the apple from the
bough.

And when the sons so disagreed about the dues they'd
pay

To please the Lord they worshipped, each wanted his
own way;

So Cain began akilling because they couldn't agree.

The world's kept at it ever since, as shown by history.

And when the tribes to nations grew, they always chose
to fight.

No matter what the cause might be, 'twas always "for
the right."

If wealth of mines or landscape fair within their reach
might be,

The king would wake his armies up and take them o'er
the sea.

If any man with pious thought worshipped the heavenly
King

But failed in proper reverence, his creed was not the
thing.

The other people struck them down, accused of heresy,
As though a prison or the grave their fitting home
should be.

Now just such hideous cruelties have kept our world in
terror,
Professing that the blood they shed would keep the
world from error.
And so the wild and senseless work has torn the world
for ages.
Hypocrisy locked arms with crime in all earth's early
stages.

But Jesus came from heaven to earth to show a better
way.
The angel choir proclaimed His birth and ushered in
the day.
And now we know the will of God and see what He
demands;
And Christ has shown us just the way to honor His
commands.

Jesus has walked the thorny way that we must surely
tread;
And we must try to follow Him, and do as He has said.
So long have men pursued the road of selfishness and
sin
'Tis hard to walk the Christian way, and hardest to
begin.

There is one class that we may hope will from the 'old
life sever,
And that's the people young and brave we name Chris-
tian Endeavor.
'They're coming to the front in view with pledges and
with banners.
'The world should surely welcome them with ringing
loud hosannas.

Who shall this world uplift in Jesus' name and power?
'Those who the Endeavor make in this glad hour,
'Those whom from love they cherish in their hearts,
And youthful hopes that courage still imparts.

To you we look as followers of Our Lord, the Prince of
Peace,
'That moral force shall triumph and that brutal force
shall cease;
'That as our Master went about helping the poor on
earth,
From just such motives you will act for Him who gave
them birth.

If here in Derry you are found toiling with earnest
will,
'Twill be that you may carry out the Master's wishes
still
'To bravely strike the evil down and raise the good on
high,
Each act of righteousness to crown, but cruelty defy.

Stand by the right as God has given you eyes to see it
plain,
And human liberty and human love with all your might
maintain.
The world is just now turning towards the era of good
will
When sympathy shall guide the rich and armies cease
to kill.

We may not live to see the day when all this world
shall be
A field for cultivating love and raising sympathy;
But triumphs of the past decades have brought the
world so near
That he is now our neighbor although half way 'round
the sphere.

And we can make our kindness felt in China or Japan.
And every one a brother is, who wears the form of man.
Then let our courage guide our love toward every race
and clime;
ENDEAVORERS then will usher in the Bible's promised
time.

TWO GREAT TREES AT ELMWOOD FARM

Before my home with door-yard wide, two mighty Elms
stand side by side;
The lawn slopes down in graceful curves, as every passer-by observes.
The mighty arms of these great trees are never moved
by gentle breeze;
And e'en when tempests sweep and swerve, they simply
wave in graceful curve.

Who knows the romance of the wood, and can reveal
how long they've stood.
It may be "poetry or prose," one neighbor told us that
"he knows,"
In early days when Red men's calls were heard from
Haverhill to Goffs Falls,
And any settler on the way, carried the weapons fit to
slay.

A man and woman, one hot day, mounted on horses
gray and bay,
Feeling the heat of summer's sun, with journey scarcely
one-half done,
Arrived from Haverhill's river town, at old Goffs Falls
to settle down.
The road was long and summer hot, and they dismounted
at this spot.

Each had in hand, to waken speed, and stir the life in
flagging steed,
A twig of elm, plucked as they rode, to serve the purpose of a goad;
Dismounted here, weary with toil; then placed their
twigs deep in the soil.
Just why these twigs inclined to grow, probably no
man will ever know.

Perhaps some Elf or forest Sprite, leaving the woods on
some dark night,
To mark the road from Haverhill town, to where the
Merrimac falls down;
And show the road will never change; as they pass up
on Aiken's Range,
They wet these twigs and smoothed the ground where
now these ancient elms are found.

A hundred years, and fifty more, will hardly tell the entire score.
It may be that their leaves have spread two hundred
years green overhead.
It's sad to think and sad to know, that age will bring
their branches low;
And as we know that mankind must, so e'en the Elms
must turn to dust.

Yet long before these trunks shall fall and dust shall
cover limbs and all,
We know that men of courage bold, whose friends ne'er
think of them as old,

Will hear a call from heaven above in tones attuned to
 heavenly love,
And pass from earth a heaven to gain, while still those
 ancient elms remain.

**"JUST WHERE WILL I GO WHEN THIS
SWEET AND JOYOUS LIFE
IS OVER?"**

I sit in my room and gaze on the wall
Where portraits of ancestors shadow-like fall.
I think of the struggles that brought to them fame,
Of victories that made us so proud of their name.

I see the bright gleam in the grandfather's eye,
The kind, loving look of his wife who sits by.
I know they spent life in brave service of man;
But where are they now in God's infinite plan?

I look at my couch with its draperies fair,
But know that, life ended, I will not rest there;
On my shelves there are books that can waken the soul,
Tho ages have passed since their authors were cold.

I read their bright thoughts, and their sparkling wit
 heed,
But my questions—still doubtful the longer I read.
I'll walk in the woods and with Nature commune,
And list to the birds as they warble in tune.

The flowers are brilliant, the verdure is green,
No lovelier spot on this earth may be seen;
A brook flowing down adds its color of blue,
While the sun makes the forest take on every hue.

But with beauty above and with joy all around,
All the beauties of earth and the sweetness of sound—
And still my old question of "WHERE SHALL I GO?"
No answer receives as the winds whisper low.

A thought strikes me now, "To the open I'll move
And lift up my eyes to the Heavens above."
That depth of blue space with the clouds flying
past
May answer my question and please me at last.

Ah! No! Not a sound from the sky reached my ear,
So I turned to my study with its door open near.
Has Nature no answer to the wish of my soul?
Nor the sky nor the earth will the secret unfold?

I'll look on the stand, for my Bible is there,
I opened its covers and breathed out a prayer;
If neither the earth nor the forest can show
The place to which I am soon destined to go,

And if the wise books of the noble and great
Can never reveal my own future state;

If Ancestry fails to bring adequate power
To make me assured in that coming dark hour,

Then let me just study this Bible a bit,
For Jesus, our Master, oft quoted from it.
The life that He lived and the life that He gave
From infinite penalties surely can save.

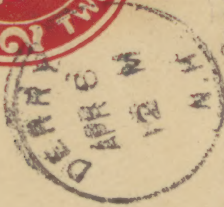
Then read to me now from that sweet, charming chat,
As on the lone mountain He patiently sat,
Blessing all those who in spirit are poor
And promising entrance to Heaven's open door,

So can I fulfill the commands of our Lord,
In the life that He led and His kind spoken word,
I'll work while I live for the world's greatest bliss,
Then Heaven's Golden Gates I hardly can miss.

After 5 days, return to

.....
L. H. Pillsbury.....

DERRY, Rockingham Co., N. H.



~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Mrs. Grace L. Crocker

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ CAMBRIDGE

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